To *Bona* sister to the king of Fraunce,
These both put by a poore petitioner
A care-crazd mother of a many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best daies
Made prise and purchase of his lustfull eye,
Seduc t the pitch and height of al his thoughts,
To base declension and loathd bigamie,
By her in his vnlawfull bed he got.
This Edward whom our maners terme the prince,
More bitterlie could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignitie:
If not to blesse vs and the land withall,
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of abusing time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.

Maior. Do good my Lord, your Cittizens entreat you.

Cates. O make them ioifull grant their lawful suite.

Glo. Alas, why would you heape these cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignitie,
I do beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeeld to you.

Buck. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loath to depose the child your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernes of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which wee haue noted in you to your kin,
And egallie indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you accept our suite or no,
Your brothers sonne shall neuer raigne our king,
But we will plant some other in the throane,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, zounds ile intreat no more.

Glo. O do not sweare my Lord of Buckingham.

Cates. Call them againe, my lord, and accept their suit.

Ano. Doe, good my lord, least all the land do rew it.

Glo. Would you inforce me to a world of care:
Well, call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intreates,
Albeit against my conscience and my soule.
Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare her burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to indure the lode,
But if blacke scandale or foule-fac't reproch
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance mee
From all the impure blots and staines thereof,
For God he knowes, and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.

Mayor. God blesse your grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long liue Richard, Englands royall king.

Mayor. Amen.

Buck. To morrow will it please you to be crown'd.

Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your grace,

Glo. Come, let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewel good coosine, farwel gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Quee. mother, Duchesse of Yorke, Marques Dorset, at one doore, Duchesse of Glocest. at another doore.

Duch. Who meets vs heere, my neece Plantagenet?

Qu. Sister well met, whether awaie so fast?

Duch. No farther then the Tower, and as I ghesse
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.

Qu. Kind sister thanks, weele enter al togither, *Enter*
And in good time here the Lieutenant comes. *Lieutenant.*
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?

Lieu. Wel Madam, and in health, but by your leaue,